THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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HERE AND THERE.

THE Princess of Wales and her infant daughter continue to progress most satisfactorily.

The King of the Belgians quitted London for Belgium on Monday last

The Archbishop of Canterbury is progressing slowly.

The Garters which reverted to the Crown on the death of the Earl of Derby and the Marquis of Westminster have been conferred on Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe and Earl De Grey and Ripon.

The French Chambers were opened on the 29th inst. by the Emperor in person. His Imperial Majesty's reception was enthusiastic.

A committee has been formed for the purpose of presenting a marble statue of the late Earl of Derby, to be executed by one of our first sculptors, to the Carlton Club. Subscriptions in aid of this national object will be received at the Bank of England, Western Branch.

Lord Cairns has retired from the leadership of the Conservative party in the House of Lords.

The body of the elder Kinck has been found on the Herrenfluch, a mountain situated about five miles from the village of Uffholtz.

Last week there was a great event at the Italian Opera of Paris. *Fidelio*, after eighteen years of silence, was once more heard in all its magnificence. "Any dancing or anything in this *Fidelio*?" was seriously asked by the *petito crevés*.

Madame Grisi died at the Hotel du Nord, Berlin, after a short but severe attack of imflammation of the lungs, on the 25th inst. The deceased lady was in her 62nd year.

Mr. Balfe has been for some weeks suffering from the effects of the Parisian climate—which many persons think is affected by Rochefort's election—but he is rapidly improving. His "Bohemian Girl" is coming out immediately. They have had already forty-eight rehearsals, and Pasdeloup seems to be taking every advantage of the young girl. The *mise-en-scéne*—dresses, scenery, and decorations—will be perfect.

In a recent article on "Mr. Beecher's private habits" in a Philadelphia paper, the writer assures us that Mr. Beecher never swears; but, if he did, "he would throw into it an amount of pathos, and splendid imagery, and moving earnestness, and resistless energy, topped off and climaxed with a gorgeous pyrotechnic conflagration of filagree and fancy swearing that would astonish and delight the hearer, and for ever after quiver through his bewildered memory an exquisite confusion of rainbows, and music, and thunder and lightning. A man of high order of intellect could sit and listen to Mr. Beecher swear for a week, without getting tired."

Crockford's, in St. James's-street, formerly devoted to gaming, is now the resort of dancers. The harmony, however, of the first gathering at these rooms was somewhat marred by the sudden appearance of an inspector of police and a constable in uniform, who walked into the centre of the ball-room with their helmets on and bull's-eye lanterns on their waists. So great was the excitement caused by this apparition that at one moment it was feared a serious disturbance might arise. As it was, there was an appeal to the *ultima ratio*—otherwise, a "turn-up"—before the close of the proceedings.

A placard offering 500*l.* reward for discovery of the perpetrator of the late "Diabolical Outrage" and "Attempted Assassination" in Leicester-square is exhibited on the scene of the crime.

A representation by Mr. Boleno and assistants, of the sacrifice of Cain and Abel, forms one of the "entertainments" now visible at the Alhambra.

The Derby dog was present at the opening of the Suez Canal. After pushing his way to the front, and engaging the officials in an exciting chase, he was finally routed by an active and intelligent officer of the Khedive, and cut a graceful period of Monseigneur Bouet with a heart-drawn howl, that for the moment drew to him the eyes of assembled royalty and representatives of East and West.

"How I should like to play Norma," said Grisi one day to Bellini. "Wait twenty years," replied the gifted composer. "I will play the part in less than twenty years in spite of you," rejoined the Adalgisa of the day. As the world knows, she had not to wait quite so long.

A substitute for the unattainable oyster has been discovered, and is now being eaten in Paris. It is called the *paloarcle*, and is described as resembling a superior kind of mussel.

The boots of the police are in future to be manufactured by convicts. It would be a terrible revenge if the criminal artists should make them all a size too small, or drive a nail artfully into each heel. Justice would limp then with a vengeance!

The following announcements are from the "personal and general" column of an American paper:—

Mrs. Arabella Mansfield is the grace and beauty of the Iowa bar.

Miss E'la Yates took the premium for pistol shooting at the Danville (Va.) Fair.

Miss Mary Hovey has been offered the chair of Horticulture in the Kansas Agricultural College.

Miss Julia C. Addington has been elected superintendent of common schools in Mitchell County, Iowa.

Amy Wilkinson, of Benton county, Ind., believing she could not enjoy her rights on account of her sex, commenced chewing tobacco, and persevered in the practice until she was lodged in the lunatic asylum, her reason entirely wrecked.

H. H. H. the Prince of Wales took his seat in the Grand Lodge of Freemasons as Past Grand Master on Wednesday evening.

The cattle show will take place on the 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th inst. The money will be given in the following proportion:—Cattle, £1,365; sheep, £620; pigs, £135; the aggregate amount being £2,120. In addition to the ordinary gold and silver medals, there will be an extra award of a piece of plate, value £100, to the exhibitor of the best beast in the show, extra stock included; of £50 to the exhibitor of the best pen of sheep, and of £10 to the exhibitor of the best single sheep in extra stock. Silver cups will be given (of the value of £40) for the best steer or ox and best heifer or cow in any of the classes. Three silver cups of the value of £20 each, will be given for different breeds of sheep, and a silver cup, value £20, for the best pen of pigs. Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince of Wales are both exhibitors.

At 31, Norton Folgate, the Australian Meat Agency provides upwards of one thousand wholesome and palatable meals daily, at prices ranging from fourpence to one penny. The *menu* consists of soup, sausages, and stew; all composed of Australian preserved beef and mutton, of excellent quality, highly nutritious, and agreeable taste.

A good story is told in connection with Mr. Woodward, the late librarian at Windsor Castle. It appears there was a certain number of books very old and rare, collected by Charles II. amongst others, but which were—not to put too fine a point on it—unfit for royal perusal. Her Majesty, anxious to get rid of this collection, suggested to Mr. Woodward the propriety of presenting it to the British Museum, but he reminded her in this case her name would be on the register as having been the giver of them. This objection being a fatal one, the Queen finally determined to adopt an idea which presented itself to Mr. Woodward, viz., to give them to a private individual, a friend of Mr. Woodward's, who in time should present them to the British Museum, which was, in fact, done, and where they are now to be seen by anyone who takes the trouble to go and consult them.

The Westminster play this year will be the *Trinummus* of Planters. The first representation will take place on the 9th inst.

On dit that Mrs. Lincoln, widow of the late President, is to be married to a Count Schneidenbutzen. "We don't believe there's no such person."

M. Faure has been engaged for a series of representations at Drury Lane next season.

On and after the 1st January next, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, altered in form and greatly enlarged, will make its appearance as a morning journal. It will be continued as an evening journal.

A project is on foot for converting the Colosseum in Regent's Park into an opera-house. There is at least a grandeur of conception in the plans of the new theatrical establishment as described in the *Observer*. In the first place it is to be the biggest in the world, bigger even than the Scala or San Carlo, the area of the stage being 64 feet by 100 feet, the auditorium 110 feet by 108 feet, and height of the building over the pit, 84 feet. Instead of alighting at the outer doors of the opera-house, visitors will be admitted in their carriages into a conservatory or winter garden, "kept at a vernal temperature during the colder months by heated air, and filled with beautiful plants and flowers, among which are interspersed classical statues." Self-acting doors will open to receive the carriages, and afterwards close when the inner doors are open, so that every possibility of draught may be prevented. During the entr'acte visitors will "circulate freely through a fairy like bosquet of flowers and shrubs, shedding the delicious perfumes of the southern climes." The performances are to be of an equally enchanting kind. "The tendency of the age is essentially for scenic representations, and here would be an opportunity for indulging it to the greatest extent and in connection with the first ballet in the world." The ballet will include "the most beautiful forms of the most beautiful nations of the earth—the world-famed beauty of the Circassians, Georgians, Mexicans, Peruvians, Nubians, and Chinese."

The Empress's confessor, Monsignor Bauer, who so eloquently blessed the Suez Canal the other day, is by origin a Hungarian Jew. He was born in Pesth, and took part in the Austrian revolution, and was sent as deputy by the Vienna academical legion to the Paris students. Exiled, he lived at Baden, and became a friend of Feuerbach. Next he devoted himself to painting, and travelled in Italy. Here he made the acquaintance of a "French aristocrat," who, "together with his mother," prevailed upon him to join the Church of Rome. In these endeavours they were chiefly aided, according to M. Bauer's own account, by a certain medal of the Virgin which they caused him to wear, and further by his taking part in the special May devotions. He felt, he relates, as soon as he entered the sanctuary the Sacrament working in a strange manner upon his soul, and before the month of May was over his conversion "was already completed, and out of his breast there arose the wail of the prodigal son, 'I die of hunger!'" In 1854 he made the acquaintance of Father Augustine, and entered the order of the Carmelites. His sermons in Paris as "Pater Maria Bernard, of the Most Sacred Sacrament," are even more fashionable than those of Father Cohen, not to mention Hyacinthe. M. Cohen himself, or rather Pater Augustine Maria-Pianiste, friend of George Sand, and founder of the congregation of "the Nightly Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament," hails from a German ghetto.

The Emperor, on the opening of the Chambers, looked remarkably well, and showed no traces of his recent illness. He walked awkwardly, and with a certain difficulty no doubt, as has been his wont for the last fifteen years, but his voice was loud and sonorous as usual. That voice, by-the-by, while possessing the two very great qualities of strength and distinctness, is singularly inharmonious and unsympathic with its nasal and harsh tones. The Emperor, too, has a peculiar accent—though not to such a marked degree as when he first returned to France

some twenty years ago. This accent, which is not observable in ordinary conversation, becomes very unpleasant in the more ambitious and rhetorical portions of his puplic speeches, where the delivery, to be in accordance with the composition, should be that of an orator. It is not, properly speaking, a foreign accent, and French is evidently his mother tongue, but it might well belong to one who is not a Frenchman, to a Swiss, or a Belgian, for example. It is heavy and dull to the ear, and wants the sharp final clip of the true Frenchman.

"The Welsh Fasting Girl" is likely now either to be declared a wonder or an impostor. We reported some time since that arrangements were in course of conclusion to send down from Guy's Hospital experienced nurses to watch at the girl's bedside, and ascertain the truth or falsehood of her parents' report that Sarah Jacob has not eaten food of any description for more than two years. The watching will probably commence in a few days with the full consent of the father and mother. We have inclined to the opinion that the girl is—as is often the case with sufferers from hysteria—deceiving her parents. That her parents believe in her wonderful abstinence seems now certain by their agreement in this very close watching. Yet it appears improbable that the girl could obtain food without their knowledge. The report of the watchers will be looked for with much interest; they are themselves to be under the supervision of a medical committee.

Last night Mr. Oswald Milne, the late master of the North Warwickshire hounds, was entertained by the gentlemen of the hunt at a banquet at the Regent Hotel, Leamington, and presented with a magnificent silver tazza, of classical design, as a token of their appreciation of the sportsmanlike manner in which he hunted the North Warwickshire country for several years. Lieutenant-Colonel Boultbee presided. The tazza, which is valued at upwards of 200 guineas, is ornamented with portraits of several well-known gentlemen of the hunt, Mr. Milne, and some of his favourite hounds, modelled from life. Mr. Milne, in acknowledging the gift, spoke of the kindness of his numerous friends, and the gratification it had afforded him to show them the best sport in his power.

Miss Olive Logan, lecturing lately on "Girls" in New York, described "the Yankee girl" as one who could "make a bed or demonstrate a proposition with equal facility. Her mental philosophy would never interfere with her pumpkin pies." "The Western girl" was the very opposite—"nothing but the Yankee girl let loose." "The strong-minded girl" was in private life "as gentle as a child, and as self-reliant as Joan of Arc." "The fashionable girl" was always ready to ask the question, "How do you like my dress?" "The fashionable girl, and something else," felt the "emptiness of fashionable life." "The beautiful girl" "overated her beauty and underrated everything else."

The first number of *The Graphic*, the new weekly paper designed by its promoters to supersede all hebdomadal literature, lies before us. It is printed in clear type on well-toned paper—not very thick, by the way—and contains some pleasant reading. The plates are good, that by S. L. Fildes, the "Homeless and Hungry," is decidedly the best, and exhibits some Rembrandtesque lights and shadows. The drawing is characteristic, and, what is a novelty in the illustrated embellishments of contemporary periodical literature, the figures are correctly proportioned and life-like. There is also a portrait of the Queen, re-produced from a painting from life by the late George H. Thomas, which is admirable in point of likeness. The remaining sketches and plates are more or less agreeable. Altogether the first number is a fair success.

The admissions at the Birmingham Dog Show have been slightly in excess of those of last year; but the receipts from the sale of animals fall short by about £130. The removal of the animals commenced immediately after closing time last night, and to-day (Friday) the great majority of the cattle will be on its way to Smithfield.

In connection with the Grenville-Murray case Thomas Roskelly, the warrant officer at Marlborough-street Police-court, has offered a public apology to Mr. John Hill, of the Flying Horse, Oxford-street, who became bail for Mr. Grenville-Murray, who, it will be remembered, did not re-appear. Roskelly says it may have been in the course of conversation, and through his representation that Mr. Hill became bail for Mr. Grenville Murray.

At the late meeting of the St. Pancras vestry, Mr. Yolland, a representative of ward No. 3, asked a question as to the manner in which some contract was given. The chairman of the committee of works commenced his answer with—"Mr. Yolland you might have seen by the papers——" when he was interrupted by Mr. Yolland, saying, "I don't read the papers." A vestryman remarked, "What a happy man you must be, Yolland!"

When the name of M. Rochefort was called out in the Salle des Etats the Prince Imperial is said to have laughed. This was a piece of rudeness which would have been appropriately punished by a box on the ear. The *Reveil*, however, looks upon the matter in a much more serious light, and administers the following grave and dignified rebuke:—"The preceptor of the heir-presumptive should teach that young lad respect for those elected by universal suffrage, and for propriety. Although he can solve charades and enigmas, he is not yet old enough to judge men and things, and in public ceremonies he is only an accessory. Let his historical tutor point out to him what a gesture of contempt and a smile have cost monarchs." Of equal importance with the above is another incident which finds a place in to-day's *Figaro*:—"After the opening of the Chambers, the Emperor was joined in the ante-chamber by the Prince Napoleon, and shook his cousin's hand affectionately. Then turning to his son, he said, 'Louis, shake hands with your cousin.' The child held out his hand reluctantly, the prince took it without cordiality, and those who were present affirm that the two palms did not touch." This is indeed serious. Has the Prince been backward in his "tips" of late, or has the young gentleman put cobbler's wax upon his cousin's chair. If, however, the youthful Prince is really developing the characteristics of the *enfant terrible*, it would be advisable for his father and mother to be cautious in their conversations before him. "Little pitchers have great ears," and boys of thirteen have quick perceptions.

A garotte robbery was committed last night in Stamford-street. A young man named Robert Graham, a town traveller was returning home when, near the corner of Hatfield-street, two men seized him by the throat, which they tightly pressed, and rifled his pockets. They also took from him a leather bag containing samples of goods.

The first ice accident of the season occurred yesterday at Westleigh, near Bolton. While a number of mill hands were sliding on a pond, the ice gave way, and about a dozen persons fell through. Among them was a young woman, named Isherwood, whose mother and sitter (Jemima) were attracted to the spot by the cries of those who were struggling in the water. Mrs. Isherwood rushed forward to save her daughter, but the ice gave way under her. Jemima Isherwood now made an attempt to rescue her mother and sister, but she perished, while they escaped. One of the sliding party, a girl named Killalte, was also drowned.

The late Francis Ignatius Coyle was, as it were, a relic of the last generation of professional playgoers, and rather a valuable one also, as subsequent events will show. He was born at Blackrock, near Cork, and with his two brothers, on their arrival in this country, joined the Elephant's-Tooth Brigade, which at that time were doing a roaring trade in the Quadrant and Albemarle-street. Another brother joined the bill-riggers of the metropolis, and subsequently emigrated to Australia at the suggestion and expense of Her Majesty's legal advisers: this will account for the obituary notice in the *Times* requesting the editors of Australian papers to make a note of his decease, and from this we suppose that ticket-of-leavers have the privilege accorded to them of perusing the usual channels of information which are afforded to the general public. Francis Ignatius had a soul above buttons, and was no ordinary character. Originally educated at Maynooth, he no sooner came to the Great Metropolis, than finding the Roman Catholic religion to be somewhat unpopular, he immediately changed it, and embraced Protestantism. In taking such a step we are at a loss whether to congratulate the Church of England on the convert she had made, or to mourn over the loss which the Romans had sustained. In fact, his religion sat on him as loosely as his macintosh, and he changed it as readily. For some years he led a sort of irregular life on the Turf, and verged between defaulting and bill-stealing, and numberless are the stories that old gossips tell of his daring attempts in the betting ring of the mighty Babylon to earn a precarious existence. The great Running Rein fraud gave him a fair opportunity for the display of his unrivalled talents and *sang froid*. The features of that celebrated trial, when a daring attempt was made to bring in a four-year old for the Derby, are familiar to every schoolboy on the Turf, so it is unnecessary to repeat them. The trial took place at Kingston before Baron Alderson, who, it will be recollected, was surprised to find the name of Maccabæus mixed up in such an affair; and at the end of the first day he ordered the horse into the custody of the police for the purpose of being subjected to a veterinary examination on the morrow. A cordon of policemen therefore surrounded the stable in which he was, and an "active and intelligent officer" placed as sentry over him. Of course this soon got abroad, and liberal odds were offered on the chances of the second horse in the Derby. After he had been done up that afternoon, our hero, dressed in the height of fashion, rode into the yard on a chesnut horse, closely resembling Maccabæus, and after lounging about the place for a short time, he changed the saddle from the horse he rode to the animal in custody, whom he rode very quietly off the premises. Not the slightest suspicion being entertained that the changes had been rung, and the real delinquent had escaped, the threatened investigation by the Mayor or Field of the day, Maccabæus was immediately destroyed, and the counsel for Goody Levi, admitting the next morning that he could not produce the horse, the jury immediately found for the plaintiff. Coyle's ready wit and cool audacity often stood him in need in times of difficulty, and had we space, we could quote innumerable instances of his availing himself of the slightest opportunity of defrauding his fellow-creatures. The last four or five years of his life, the Chief Justice of England's warrant for his apprehension, by some mysterious means, he contrived to evade, and which excited no little astonishment in the Sporting World. Since he underwent twelve months' imprisonment in Newgate for forging a bill of the late Lord Clifden's, and the sentence expiring on the eve of our great race meetings, he presented himself at it the very next morning, observing to a friend, that it would be a "little change" for him. In conclusion, he may be said to have been one of the worst locusts the Turf has ever had in our experience.

THE MAN ABROAD.

Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Dec. 1, 1869.

A JOURNEY from Vienna to Frankfurt, at this season of the year, is not by any means pleasant, for though one has a choice of routes, both of which are full of interest in the summer, the weather is just now so cold and the country looks so bleak and inhospitable, that I think any *voyageur* would do well to leave by the Courier-Zug at 4.30 p.m., and brave the four and twenty hours' journey, this to Frankfurt, *viâ* Salzburg, Munich, Stuttgart, and Brüchsal. If he can sleep pretty well in a railway carriage, which is rather above the average of these conveyances, though it does not boast of the spaciousness of a *coupé* on the P. L. and M. line, which we travel by either on our way to seek after riches among the compatriots of Aurungzebe or in the *salons* of M. Blanc at Monaco, he will be very tired when he gets here, and may even be capable of enduring an extra half hour's jolting and crawling to enable him to lose no time in being on the scene of operations, if, as the chances are is the case, his object in coming to Frankfurt was merely that he might be near the rose. If, however, he cannot sleep better in a train than I can, he will break the journey either at Munich or Stuttgart. Probably most people would prefer the former, but I have such a horror of Wagner's music, that no consideration would induce me to pass even an hour in his stronghold, fearing I might be dragged by force to hear it; indeed, I have of late given up drinking Bavarian beer, except on draught, fearing lest some of it might have been introduced into the bottles by the master in order to disseminate his productions. Stuttgart is very pretty indeed in the summer, and one may spend a week far less pleasantly than there, or at Caustatt hard by, with its little summer theatre, and hotel with a shady garden, where the upper ten of Stuttgart come to dine, in addition to which there is some excellent fishing to be had within easy reach, but at all times it is terribly dull, and after a few days one is very glad to get away. At this season it is absolutely sepulchral, and the only place of entertainment, except the theatre, is a museum, which consists of a reading-room, where elderly men sit for hours expectorating unpleasantly over their papers, and a restaurant, where the golden youth of the place battle with roast veal and apricots, and play billiards and drink beer from morning to night. Heaven help two or three of my countrymen who told me that they were going to pass the winter there for reasons of economy. I don't think they will ever come back. I remained there four and twenty hours, and came on here last Monday, as I was very anxious to be at Nauheim yesterday to see the close of the season. Frankfurt is a very nice place to make one's head-quarters, if one has just arrived from England with a few hundreds more than one has any immediate use for, and which one wants to risk at the board of greencloth *par ci par là* without settling down seriously to business either at Homburg or Wiesbaden; giving oneself a kind of roving commission to run about from one place to the other, until one finds there's just enough left to carry one back comfortably home. You will

notice I am pre-supposing that one will leave it all behind one in some way or other, for though I imagine there are people who leave off, and *go away* winners, I have never seen them, often as I have heard of them. It is, nevertheless, so easy to win—on paper. There are systems which cannot possibly break down, if carried out. I know of one which cost its player many hundreds, and which he firmly believes in still. Yet somehow or other, they all come back with the same story, that just at the critical moment they had their attention called off, and staked on the wrong colour. It is certainly melancholy to see how many, after having buffeted the waves for long, just get drowned in sight of shore. I am not going to give you a sermon on gambling and its attendant ills; that has been done often enough, in addition to which I have a very strong suspicion that the said ills are very much exaggerated, and that it is at least a matter for argument whether, in view of the state of human nature, and the improbability of any change in its tastes, and habits, and passions, it is not less injurious to the morality of the commonwealth to have public establishments under the control of the Government, than the tripots and hells which would be certain to spring up in their room. As I said, Frankfurt makes a capital *point du depart* for an excursionist. Wiesbaden, Homburg, Nauheim, Mayence, Darmstadt, can all be visited without one's being obliged to camp out for the night, and in itself the good city has many attractions, which enable one to while away pleasantly a few days when the more meretricious charms of the "towns of waters" have begun to pall. I will not hint that the unexpected failure of that system, and the delay consequent on the part of your banker to forward that remittance, would have anything to do with your sojourn within its gates. Still, those who knew Frankfurt a few years ago, and who visit it again now, will find that Sadowa has dealt a terrible blow to the once free city, and that the inhabitants find the iron hand of the hermit of Vazzin weighs far heavier on them than did the joint rule of the Confederation. King William seems to have had a vengeful feeling against its burghers, for, of all the States which paid dearly for battling against his favorite scheme of German unity, none were muleted like the Frankfurters. Increased taxation, and the quartering of many regiments of Prussia, to say nothing of the compulsory enrolment of her sons in their ranks, has told a sad tale in the fair city, and years, perhaps generations, must elapse before she recovers anything like her former prosperity. Strangers, of course, come and go as before, and, indeed, are now a considerable item in the eyes of the tradespeople, whereas before they were as nothing, compared to the wealthy merchants and numerous legations, which, while peace was within their walls, created plenteousness in all their palaces. Yesterday being the closing of the Nauheim season, I went down to see the "trois derniers" close the first of the three years which remain for the golden halls of this Homburg *in pelto* as for its more fashionable sisters. On this, the 30th of November, it has been the habit for the paternal Government of Hesse Darmstadt to allow its own subjects around Nauheim to come and tempt fortune, a privilege at all other times of the year sternly denied them. Nauheim, even in the early autumn, is not much favoured by the regular player; it is only when he drives over from Homburg "to change the web," or perchance because he finds that a little fresh air is necessary, and he wishes to combine business with pleasure, that you find him there, and the play seems principally to be among those terrible spinsters, very long in the tooth, whom one never meets with in England, though they claim it as their home, and who pass their time in playing with florins and studying the *Times* and *Galignani* in the reading-room. They, and a few decrepid Germans who take the waters perennially, are, as far as I can make out, the regular *chentèle* of the Wursaal. But to day they are lost in the mass of peasants who crowd around the tables, and play their silver, saved up since this day last year, with as much earnestness as if they were *habitués*. I am fain to confess that the noise and chatter was something terrible, but one must have been very strong-hearted not to have felt some sympathy for the evident pleasure which these simple folks obtained by their day's outing. It is true that the majority must have gone home to wren zer-less, and that Gretchen and Fritz will have to forego the gown and plush waistcoat, to which they had plotted and contrived for, but they have had their day's amusement and met friends from all the country round, whom perhaps they never see but this one day in the year, and besides, it is to them that single oasis in the desert of their dreary existence which gives them an object to labour hard to be able to enjoy.

When the Wursaal closed that night I could not help fancying that it would indeed be well, if no gaming-room had ever witnessed a more fatal scene than did that of Nauheim this day, where, probably, not one out of the many hundreds who were there will look back with regret on their day's employment. If they have not all made their fortunes, at least they have only lost what they will not miss. Can many of those who are their betters say the same?

Before closing this letter I must tell you of a most horrible tragedy, in some respects more revolting even than that of which Troppmann is the hero, and which took place, or rather was discovered, near Königsberg last week. It appears that the grave-digger of the parish, who in addition to his profession, was a large rearer of pigs, has been arrested on the charge of disinterring the corpses which had been buried in the cemetery where he was employed to *fatten his pigs* with. This awful traffic was discovered by means of a ring which he had taken from the fingers of one of the corpses and sold it to a Jew in the village. The wretch, I hear, has made a full confession of his crimes—he acknowledges to have been doing this infernal business for ten years—and adds that he used the coffins for firewood. It would seem that crimes, like misfortunes, never come single. It is as much talked of throughout North Germany as was the crime of Pantin in France.

THE MAGAZINES.

THIS month there is an immense deal of reading in the magazines. Some of them present themselves, even to the greediest reader, in so voluminous a shape that the mind experiences a sort of repletion, even before the deadly knife has done its duty and laid bare the hermetically sealed contents. A double quantity even of a good thing may be more than it is easy to digest, and Christmas literature, like Christmas pudding, is apt to be overwhelming.

We find ourselves uttering something like a sigh of gratitude to the editors of the *Cornhill* and *St. Paul's* that they appear before us without an attendant shadow, more bulky than the substance itself. In the *Cornhill* "Put yourself in his Place" seems drawing to a close. The lovers are evidently about to be made happy by the aid of an artful doctor, who alarms the contumacious parent with the heartrending question, "The young girls that are now carried past your door to the churchyard, one after another, had they no fathers?" The flintiest of tyrants must have been melted by such an appeal, and we are even tempted to believe that had the unfortunate Villikens and his Dinah been blessed with such a friend, they might have lived long enough to hate each other very cordially. Here, we are told—

> "At this blunt speech the father
> Trembled from head to foot."

But we must pass on, and not allow our feelings to get the better of us. A paper upon the "Decay of Murder," which states that passion of all kinds has gone out of fashion, is certainly consoling at a moment when literature is privileged to be full of horrors, but our author does not allow us to indulge in any unqualified satisfaction at the assertion, since he considers that its decline must be taken as "part of a widely-spread social transformation." "We are fallen," he says, "upon the days of petty passions and common-place characters, and the reason we do not commit great crimes is owing less to any positive advance in virtue than to a general desire to conform to the average standard." "There are," he continues, "a whole class of virtues and vices which appear to have their roots in force of character, and which have accordingly ceased to be more than names. Sermons are still preached, and very properly, against revenge; and old aphorisms are occasionally heard upon the stage and elsewhere signifying that revenge is sweet. But as an efficient motive in actual life, revenge may be said to have become almost obsolete. It gives too much trouble. We don't hate anybody enough or love anyone enough to make it worth our while; and if we wanted to take vengeance, we have not opportunities enough of doing an injury to our neighbours within the limits of decently good behaviour." We recommend the whole article as well worth reading.

In *St. Paul's* we have still the history of "The Three Brothers" and another tale by the editor, in which he warns us to avoid the fault of connecting the ladies introduced with any editor or with any ladies known either personally or by name to the reader. We own we have far less sympathy with the spurious "Josephine de Montmorenci" than with the simple truth-telling Mary Gresley of a former number, and from the style of her letters, we were not altogether thunderstruck when the disguise is cast aside, and the interesting authoress, with the unfortunately French sounding name, turns out to be a little wizened woman whose true appelation happens to be "Polly Puffle." There is archness, and grace, and honest good feeling in everything Mr. Trollope writes, and we cannot refrain from quoting a few lines upon the difficulties besetting a kind-hearted editor. "What was our editor to do? He knew well the difficulty that would be before him should he once dare to accept, and then undertake to alter. She would be as a tigress to him—as a tigress fighting for her young. That work of altering is so ungracious, so precarious, so incapable of success in its performance! The long-winded, far-fetched, high-stilted, unintelligible sentences which you elide with so much confidence in your judgment, has been the very apple of your author's eye. In it she has intended to convey to the world the fruits of her best meditation for the last twelve months. Thinking over many things in her solitude, she has at last invented a truth, and there it lies. That wise men may adopt it, and candid women admire it, is the hope, the solace, and at last almost the certainty of her existence. She repeats the words to herself, and finds that they will form a choice quotation in coming books. It is for the sake of that one newly invented truth, so she tells herself, though not quite truly, that she desires publication; you come, and with a dash of your pen, you annihilate the precious gem. Is it human nature that you should be forgiven?"

An "Autumn Idyll" is very pretty, but it is a sad satire on the sentiment of the days we live in, that the prize awarded to the victorious rhymster should be a *pipe*, even although it be

> "Amber and foam, a miracle of art."

The rival poets are also rivals in love, and both are set to describe *her*

> "Whose name may not be told."

Each does so according to his own separate taste, painting the qualities which have charmed himself individually, and which, although diverse, are not antagonistic. One loves her best

> "When the thick night flares with dropping torches;
> Ah! when the washroom empties with the swarm.
> Pleasant the hand that in the gusty porches—
> Light as a snowflake settles on your arm."

The other thinks

> "Better the twilight and the cheery chatting—
> Better the far, forgotten garden seat,
> Where one may lie and watch the fingers tatting,
> Lounging with Bran or Bevis at her feet."

But however much the verses may be commended, neither poet is gratified with the reward. The owner of the prize, as he is the brother of the fair lady, declaring—

> "Judgment of mine were indiscreet, and therefore
> Peace to you both. The pipe I shall retain."

Baily's Magazine for December.

ANOTHER excellent number of this pleasant periodical. The portrait and biography are those of Lord Rosebery, whose *vera effigies* is one of the most successful hits in Mr. Baily's popular gallery. The learned author of "The Sires of the Period" continues his interesting disquisitions on the Science of Breeding; and the "Chronicles of Heatherthorp" also progresses another amusing stage. "Amphion" gives a capital account of a rough up of a string of young ones "At Home"; "N." contributes his experiences of "A Quiet Bit of Schooling," which makes the pulses quicken and the hand grow restless; and, finally, there is "Our Van," as fast, full, and well driven as ever. If this be not good and sufficient change for a shilling, we should like to know what is.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BLACKMORE VALE.—You have a pleasant wit, and a right to sharpen it upon us. But if you knew how the blunder and others of a similar nature disturbed our rest last Saturday, you would be merciful.

S. MOSS.—So far as you are concerned, we are a rolling stone.

EMIGRANT.—The ordinary route to New York is by Regent-street and Leicester-square. There is a shorter cut through Long Acre, but the quarantine regulations are tiresome, and the Custom House duties exceptionally high.

NASO.—Goodness knows. If, as you say, fame beakons you, you will doubtless conker.

KITE.—You seem very fly. But we cannot print your tale. Try a lower flight, and use less paper.

TRIREME.—The late double scull match *was* won by the Thames. You see two heads are better than one.

QUARTO.—The "Hon. Lambeth Librarian" is a younger son of the Earl of Surrey, by Morocca, eldest daughter of the 21st Baron Redesdale.

PRIZE RHYMES.

Competitive papers have also been received from Pacific, Arry Shortfeller, Silly Suffolk, Essex Farmer, Neapolitan, Oystershell, Ten-his-dotta, Old Uncle Ned, Metropolitan, Disappointed Dick, Anacreon, Farmer F, D., Whangdoodle, A Tipperary Voter, Corkscrew, Bébé, Bow wow, Van, Steeple-chase, Bacchus, Lazarus, Bails, Alice Gertrude, Cicely Hine, Nimbus, Ernest P. P. and D. S. P., Charlie, Pepsine, Spooney, Triplet, Douglas S. P., Bombay Duck, Toby, Cavalier, Boots, Senex, Lance, Tartar, M. H. M., M. A. T., A. T. M. B., Toujors Gai, Maggie, Granny, Pogram, Traddles.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

On Saturday, the 25th inst., a COLOURED CARTOON *will be issued with each number of the impression.*

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1869.

IT is no figure of speech to say that if anyone who had not seen the Louvre for twenty years were to be transported, by means of a prayer-carpet or otherwise, to the paradise of Americans, he would know as little as Bedreddeen Hassan in what quarter of the globe he had been set down. Paris has been improved and beautified out of all his possible knowledge. He would find the ordinary, rather dirty, though interesting girl he left behind him grown into a "splendid woman"; and instead of taking her on his knee and kissing her familiarly as was his wont, he would give and receive a ceremonious salute and retire backwards amongst the crowd of worshippers in cocked hats, blouses, wideawakes, and Fifth Avenue pants. Taking into consideration the material by which her transformation has been chiefly effected, it may be said that Paris has improved her form—by stones.

When I try to remember what our ædiles have done for London in the same space of time I find the catalogue of improvements ludicrously disproportionate to both the time and the money expended. Apart from such great but imperfect achievements as the Thames Embankment—which may or may not be completed in our generation—and the Holborn Viaduct, which began to split its sides before the joke of its inauguration was played out, I find two great works have added to the splendour and convenience of the West-end in my day. The first is the removal of the colonnade which once shed a gentle melancholy over the Quadrant. The other is the manufacture of Garrick Street. By the enterprise of private speculators a few monster hotels have sprung up here and there, and have occasionally, like the Langham, improved the appearance of a great blank territory such as its site used to be; but public street improvement has been, I firmly believe, confined to the pair of superb undertakings I have mentioned. If any one considers the churches, public monuments, or theatres inaugurated during the period named *improvements*, I resign the contest. The disingenuous person who would defend such a position would drink "dry" with Welch mutton, or reject the peerless truffle as a mistake of the cook.

I recollect when, some years ago, I was a guest of the excellent M. Tillman at the Holländischer Hof, in the city of one thousand distinct and well-defined smells, I inadvertently deferred my visit to a lion I wished to see until my last available day. This happened to be Sunday, on which day I am averse to walking in the Zoo, yet, as my object was devotional, and my destination was a church, I did not feel called upon to defer my visit to the Eleven Thousand Virgins. On arriving at the fane I found service in high progress, a severe Bedel in the porch, and the Eleven Thousand as closely locked up as if I had been George IV. Decency, I fear, suggested that I should retire; but matters pressed, *she* was at Frankfort, I had engaged rooms in the Obere Promenade at Hellbad, and go away without seeing those young women I would not. The Suisse was inexorable. I offered him a thaler, and when, with a look of the deepest anguish he refused, I knew it was hopeless to look for relief to him. I could see, whence I stood, into the church, and had an excellent view of the officiating clergy, of whom there were two or three hard at it. I had heard of the looking-glass lure for fowls of the air, and I determined to try it on with these reverend ravens. So, singling out one, a plump man with a moist eye, and gazing steadfastly on him, I produced a Friedrich d'Or, and *presented* it at him, so to speak, as though he were a box-keeper. The success was startling. I brought him down at the first shot. In another moment he was at my side; in five more the Friedrich had changed hands, and the eleven thousand, reduced it seemed to about a dozen, and concealed in tea-urns as chaste as themselves, were before me. I mention this little fact in no way to the disparagement of the good father, who had no thought, I am very sure, except for the welfare of the poor (to whom, of course, my Friedrich went), but as an illustration of the reprehensible system which obtains on the Continent of taking money for the exhibition of sacred things. In our island home—the home of liberty, civilization, and Boards of Guardians—we manage things differently. I had occasion to visit Westminster Abbey a few days ago, and . . . *

Talking of Cologne reminds me that it behoves purchasers of the water of that city to look closely at the labels. There is a fraudulent eau (oh! dear, it might be called) being sold there now, which has not only no scent but blisters the skin. An unlucky purchaser of this spurious Fabrik falsely attributed to the great John Maria, who lives over against the Jülich's Platz, brought an action against the vendor, but as proof that the words "imitation of," in the minutest German text, formed part of the label, the case was dismissed. It is much the best plan to buy foreign productions in England.

One of the *gamins* who live by shouting out the names, styles, and contents of newspapers at railway stations was bawling himself hoarse the other day by reiterated shrieks of "Important Trial! Astounding Disclosures!! Exciting Scene in Court!!! A traveller who had, on the faith of the monkey's shrill representations, bought a paper and ascertained that though there was a trial, it possessed no more remarkable feature than the condemnation to transportation for life of the prisoner, caught the small romancer by the ear and demanded angrily how he dared invent such falsehoods—"There were no astounding disclosures, you little vagabond, and the scene was *not* exciting." "Yes it was, Sir," pleaded the young casuist, "*to the prisoner.*"

* MS. blotted and illegible.—(The Devil.)

FAREWELL TO THE FAMILY FLEET.

WAIT, ye winds, till I repeat
One parting signal to the fleet,
One farewell ere I roam.
Oh, where shall I a convoy find
Like those dear ships I leave behind
To guide me safe from home!

Farewell to Father!—reverend hulk,
Who, spite of metal, spite of bulk,
Must soon his cable slip.
But ere he's broken up I'll try
The flag of gratitude to fly,
In duty to the ship.

Farewell to Mother!—first-rate she
Who launched me on life's stormy sea,
And rigged me fore and aft.
May Providence her timbers spare,
And keep her hull in good repair
To tow the smaller craft!

Farewell to Nancy!—lovely yacht—
But whether she'll be manned or not
I cannot now foresee.
May some good ship a tender prove,
Well found in stores of grace and love,
And take her under lee!

Farewell to Sarah!—showy barge,
With figure head both high and large,
And fitted out so fine.
If captured on a foreign beat
She'll take the van of all the fleet,
A vessel of the line.

Farewell to John, the privateer!
Though narrow built, with classic gear,
And cutter rigged and classed;
While for a wife he cruises round,
Some rich galleons he'll run aground,
And make the grappling fast.

Farewell to Fred! a slender smack,
Though now upon a different tack,
In dock we lay longside;
Like me, from home he's cut adrift,
And, without ballast, learned to shift,
And sail against the wind.

Farewell to George, the jolly boat,
And all the little craft afloat,
In home's delightful bay;
When they arrive at sailing age,
May Wisdom give the weather gauge,
And guide them on their way!

Farewell, once more! On life's rough main
Perhaps we ne'er may meet again,
Through stress of stormy weather.
If ransomed by the God of Love
We'll harbour in the realms above,
And all be moored together.

THE MAN IN THE STALLS.

MRS. JOHN WOOD seems to have fairly broken the neck of the bad luck which has so long cobwebbed and mildewed St. James's Theatre. An excellent actress and liberal and energetic manager (we do not feel equal to the feminine termination), the American lady has succeeded because she has deserved to succeed. It is impossible to over-estimate the suffrages she has obtained by her praiseworthy concession to legitimacy as exemplified in the care and completeness with which *She Stoops to Conquer* was placed on the stage. And now, secure of (dare we say the foggy element?) the ingenious lady has now landed the "Toothpick School" by the production of the smartest burlesque laid before those ornamental critics since *Black-Eyed Susan* of glorious, pious, and maritime memory. *La Belle Sauvage* is an amended version of that *Pocahontas* which created such a *furore* in New York and fell so flat in London some eight years since. The author, Mr. John Brougham, who

convulsed our transatlantic cousins in his famous part of Powhattan, failed to call up a smile among our playgoers. The actor, as we all learned to admit, was a genuine one, the piece was of more than average merit, but neither seemed on that occasion calculated for our meridian, and *Pocahontas* came to a bad end. Mrs. Wood has taken the young woman in hand, and the change for the better is surprising. The lovely savage has been freshly painted, sent to a *modiste*, taught to dance, sing, make love (no, *that* needs no teaching), and, generally, to make a first-rate heroine of burlesque. The amendments to Mr. Brougham's piece are rumoured to be the work of the manageress herself, and her bright and telling delivery of the new "hits" with which *La Belle Sauvage* is studded seems to favour the theory. But by whatever hand, there can be no doubt that the additions have in this case proved the salvation of the original. Mrs. Wood's representation of Pocahontas was exceedingly well seconded by Mr. Mark Smith (called by the *Times* successively Mr. Barton Smith and Mr. Marcus Hill), and Mr. Lionel Brough, and is placed on the stage with the taste and liberality which has distinguished every step of the present management.

After so dead a failure as *Forbidden Fruit*, it is strange that Mr. Allerton should have been tempted to again forsake the safe waters of English legitimacy for the dangerous shoals and quicksands of the modern French drama. To play Hamlet or Romeo decently is surely more worthy of ambition than to bring down the house as Hector Vaurien or Achille Blagueur, as the production of Shakespeare must be considered a better and comelier thing than the elevation of M. M. Octave Feuillet or Emile Augier. *Dalilah*, now the *Siren*, is so well translated by Mr. Palgrave Simpson that it is a pity it had not a better chance given it. As it was, totally unsuited to the house and the company, it fell on Saturday night "flatter than pancake from an artist's hand," to rise, we should imagine, no more. It would serve no purpose to dissect the defunct, especially as we trust it will be Mr. Allerton's last attempt to win success in a line to which he and his assistants, and all that is his, are wholly unsuited. With hard study and favourable opportunities, he may do himself and legitimacy good service yet, but interference with the *métier* of M. Fechter can only lead him to theatrical destruction, which would be, we suppose, a property dose of poison in a plaster of Paris goblet.

The Long Strike has been revived at the Adelphi with commendable care and completeness, the warm reception accorded to Mr. Boucicault's interesting drama testifying as strongly to the intrinsic merit of the piece as to the excellence of the acting in its new home. Noah Learoyd, acted by Mr. Emery on the production of *The Long Strike* at the Lyceum, is now played by Mr. Webster, who makes a powerful and effective portrait of the rugged leader of the strike. Miss Furtado succeeds Mrs. Boucicault as Jane Learoyd, and though she lacks something of the tenderness of that charming actress, a more efficient successor could hardly be found. The other parts are exceedingly well filled.

Mr. Fechter has commenced at the Princess's Theatre a brief engagement of twelve nights, announced to include his final performances in the metropolis previous to his departure for America. This series of farewell representations began on Monday evening with *Hamlet*, in which Mr. Fechter created the old enthusiasm. Miss Carlotta Leclerq as Ophelia, Miss Elsworthy as the Queen, and Mr. Henry Marston as the Ghost, were all excellent. During the week *The Lady of Lyons* and *Ruy Blas* have been performed on successive nights, so that the metropolitan playgoers have had a fair opportunity of refreshing reminiscences of three of Mr. Fechter's most remarkable impersonations.

We learn, with much selfish regret, that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews are about to leave us for the other end of the world. On the 4th January a special performance will be given at Covent Garden Theatre at which the incomparable comedian and his accomplished wife will bid farewell to their countless British admirers, and on the 31st they will take wing for Melbourne. In the words of Dr. Strong, we wish them "a prosperous voyage out, a thriving career abroad, and a safe return home;" caring not how soon the third and last head of our aspiration be accomplished.

Morden Grange, the new drama by Mr. F. C. Burnand, will be produced this evening at the Queen's Theatre.

OUR PRIZE RHYMES.

Prize Word No. VI.—Bumper.

First—

"Where can I get a jumper?"
Said a patron of Ben Land's.
The answer was a stumper—
'Better first get decent hands."
Before you drain a bumper
To get a head is meet,
And ere you count a plumper
'Tis as well to get a seat.

Two to One.

Second—

We did not know Dick Christian was so fly with the goosequill—

Good horse, he went from "find" to "kill,"
Nor failed at fence, nor checked at hill,
He was a perfect jumper;
He bore me in the foremost flight,
Like swallow on her pinion light,
And liked the pace a pumper.
The gleam of water fired him,
Though others failed and had to swim,
With every brook a bumper.

Dick Christian.

Third—

We hope our esteemed correspondent is not going on the Turf—

All over, flat-racing! henceforth steeplechasing
Engrosses each eager bookmaker;
On Brick or Pearl Diver put, cousin, a fiver,
Or in Gardener look for "a raker."
Blue Gown's in his stable, Pero Gomez unable
This year to find wine for a bumper;
Your hopes must be buoyed on your winnings at Croydon,
Your horse be a good hurdle-jumper.
Some back Mr. Brayley, saying—"Scarcely can rail he
To obtain in his favour the fiat;"
But Morgan and Murray are both in a hurry,
And Comus for once appears quiet.
Snowstorm is a "Leighton,"* Murray's has too much weight on,
Brick, believe me, will turn out the trump, or
I'll give you a dozen—just book it, dear cousin—
Of champagne to fill up your bumper.

Puzzled.

* "Late un." Mr. Leighton's horse.

Quite the correct card—

Now the game is nearly over,
And you want but one trick more,
And already feel in clover,
With a treble up and four;
And you're thankful unto Heaven,
Though your playing cards are few,
That there's one trump left—the seven,
And that seven abides with you.
Now the foeman, with a chuckle,
Plays an ace and then a king;
And his most emphatic knuckle
Signalises each good thing.
Then in haste he plays another,
Plays the queen;—oh, haste to trump her,
And you'll win, my Christian brother,
What the vulgar call a *bumper*.

Bow-wow.

No bribe I'll take
For conscience sake,
But in case you insist on a bumper,
When the poll is demanded
I'll come uncommanded
And your honour shall find me a plumper.

Working Man.

Mr. Man About Town
You have searched up and down,
And imagine you've hit on a stumper;
But I'm not the poet
To flinch, if I know it,—
Least of all when inspired by a bumpar.

A Young Man from the Country.

Here's to the sweet singing bird
That flutters and chirrups so cheerily,
And long may his warblings be heard,
They rhyme and rattle so merrily.
So here's to Cock Robin the cheery,
May his cup of success be a thumper,
For I love the sweet notes of the dearie,
And here's to his health in a bumper!

Burgundy.

He's dead and gone is poor Tom Sayers,
Who by profession was a thumper,
Let's pledge his memory—honest man—
In rare old port a mighty bumper.

Pug.

If you should have a scolding wife,
Thump her!
Or with words more strong than nice,
Stump her!
When sailing on a leaky ship
Pump her!
The boat before you in a race,
Bump her!
If you possess a handy mare,
Jump her!
Spare not a lady fair at whist,
Trump her!
Drink to me who wins the prize, a
Bumper!

Zeno.

I sat in my study one morning,
My bosom devoid of alarms,
When nurse rushes in without warning,
A bundle of lace in her arms.
"Oh, sir, give us joy! Fill a bumper,
Drink luck to your newly-born son;
I never, sir, did see a plumper,
His weight's nearer two nor one.

Sairey Gamp.

Disgraceful!

Miss Kielmansegge and her golden leg
You'll have heard of times galore;
But give me your ear while I tell you a tale,
A short one, but new, as that other is stale.
(If I bore you, why, give me leg bail).
Sweet Nell was coming down the stairs, as oft she'd come before,
Hal peeped and saw her silk-clad feet, her ancles, and e'en more.
"What perfect legs!" quoth he; "to them I drain this brimming bumper."
Says Dick, "No, they to *perfect* be should be a trifle plumper!"

Warrior.

Prize Word No. VII.—Assassin.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize to prove his title thereto.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

THE TURF.

THE most notable event this week, with the exception of Croydon, has been the sale of Mr. Pryor's stud, which took place on Monday, and which must be considered a very good one, especially at this season of the year, when several months must elapse before any of the animals can attempt to recoup their purchasers. Knight Errant, Cardinal York, Sagittarius and Mantilla were bought in, and this fact, coupled with the circumstance that Tenedos, Conjuror, and Revenge were not put up to auction, induces me to hope that Mr. Pryor may have altered his mind, and, instead of retiring from the turf altogether, intends to keep, for the present at least, a small stud, with Wadlow for his trainer. Friponnier and the Rake being also kept back, would go to strengthen this impression. Mr. Pryor has ever been a liberal buyer of yearlings, and a large subscriber to the various heavy sweepstakes at Goodwood, Newmarket, Ascot, &c., and the turf can ill afford to lose, at so critical a juncture as

the present, a warm supporter. If his name has occasionally been brought into unpleasant notoriety, it has been doubtless—thanks to the tricks of those whose victim he probably was, and not to any unsportsmanlike conduct on his part. Croydon commenced, and I might almost add finished on Tuesday, under very favourable circumstances, except as regards the weather, which was very cold and unpleasant. There was, however, a good attendance, large fields and well-contested finishes. In the Stewards Plate Moose proved himself a very good horse, carrying 12st., aad beating a field of 18, including Keystone and Goodfellow, second and third, to each of whom he gave 19lbs. Hippolyte, Roving Maid, the Guide and Harvester, and his owner who landed a good stake, must be congratulated on having a rare lot of jumpers, including the winners, Pearl Diver, Chevy Chase, and Fortunatus, to say nothing of lesser lights, such as Malvern, Lisette, Ecarté and Tavistock. In the Hurdle Race, Cristal and Mr. Crawshaw upset a very hot favourite in Brick, and it is strange that both first and second should be ex-flat racers in France, the former having originally belonged to M. Delamarre, from whom he was claimed by the Duke of Hamilton at Paris, in the summer in '68, and the latter having been bought by Lord Stamford of Baron Nivien. Cristal's form was a great improvement on his Shrewsbury performances, and is a further proof were any required, of the extraordinary success of the French-bred horses over hurdles, and across country. Strangely enough, Mr. Crawshaw is at the head of the list of gentlemen riders over the water; this was only his second winning mount in England this year, though his eighteenth mount. Lord Waldegrave partially, at least, repaid Mr. Morgan for his previous disappointment, and Buxton upset a hot favourite (Lady Stanley) in the Hunter's Stakes, which, like most of these so-called races, was contested by 3 and 4-year old flat racers, who have about as much right to be called hunters as a donkey has to be called an Arab.

Wednesday opened with a very severe frost, and it was at once apparent to practical eyes that the state of the ground would admit of no steeplechasing for that day at least; still, thousands flocked down from London by rail and road, and the management sooner than send them empty away, or perhaps to ensure the gate money shillings, induced the owners of some those entered in the hurdle race (set forth on the cards) to run, which they did, and the race fell to Sapling, the winner of the first race on Tuesday, who, however, started at the comparatively outside price of 100 to 15. After this, jumping being absolutely impossible, two flat races were improvised, which were of so little interest that it is unnecessary to say more about them than that the first was won by Head Centre, owned by Lord Powlett, and ridden by Mr. Edwards, and the second by Milkmaid, who upset a very peculiar favourite in Aintree, who fell, or refused, or did something or other at the first hurdle. The sports, which were to have been continued on Thursday, have been again put off until Friday and Monday, with the Albemarle Club day over the same course on Saturday. As I write (Thursday evening) it is still so hard that I doubt if this programme can be adhered to. In any case I adhere to my ideas of last week that the Maiden Steeplechase will be won by Count Horn or Hammerton, whichever their owner runs; the Grand Steeplechase by one of Mr. Brayley's pair, with Snow Storm for a place, and the Cup by Pearl Diver, are unchanged. I cannot offer any advice as to Kingsbury next week, for I have not seen the programme, and even if I had I believe that my readers would quite agree with me that on so uncertain a subject, though speech were silvern, silence would be golden.

FORECAST.

PRINCIPAL TURF FIXTURES FOR 1870.

Liverpool Grand National (4½) miles	Wed., March 9.
City and Suburban (1¼ miles)	Tues., March 29.
Great Metropolitan (2¼ miles).....	Wed., March 30.
Northamptonshire Stakes (2 miles)	Tues., April 5.
Newmarket Handicap (1½ miles).....	Wed., April 20.
Two Thousand Guineas (1 mile 17 yards)	Tues., May 3.
One Thousand Guineas (7 fur. 210 yards)	Thurs., May 5.
Chester Cup (2½ miles)	Wed., May 11.
The Derby (1½ miles).....	Wed., June 1.
The Oaks (1½ miles)	Friday, June 3.
Ascot Stakes (2½ miles)	Tues., June 14.
Ascot Gold Cup (2½ miles).....	Thurs., June 16.
Goodwood Stakes (2½ miles).....	Wed., July 27.
Goodwood Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., July 28.
Brighton Stakes (1½ miles).....	Tues., Aug. 2.
Brighton Cup (2 miles)	Wed., Aug. 3.
Lewes Grand Handicap (2 miles)	Sat., Aug. 6.
Great Ebor Handicap (2 miles)	Wed., Aug. 24.
Great Yorkshire Stakes (1½ miles)	Thurs. Aug. 25.
Doncaster St Leger (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.)	Wed., Sept. 14.
Great Eastern Handicap (5 fur. 140 yards)	Tues., Sept. 27.
October Handicap (1 mile 2 fur. 73 yards)	Friday, Sept. 30.
Cesarewich Stakes (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yards)	Tues., Oct. 11.
Middle Park Plate (6 furlongs).....	Wed., Oct. 12.
Cambridgeshire Stakes (1 mile 240 yards).	Tues., Oct. 25.

LONG RUNS.

SINCE our resumé of the season's sport published in *The Man Abort Town* of Saturday last was penned, a more detailed account of the great run with the Sinnington has come to hand. It appears to have been one of those affairs that few men witness many times in their lives, and which are apt to set us thinking about the cause of sport in general being so indifferent—that many do or would care for a succession of such runs is not probable. In the first place, it would take a pocket somewhat longer than most riding men command to find horse-flesh; and, secondly, few people care about a run that they can see but the commencement of, and which may land them an unlimited number of miles from home after dark. From forty minutes to an hour, if the pace is at all strong, is as much as most men and horses can do comfortably, and, though there may be some glory in driving a tired horse to the end of a longer thing, there is certainly very little pleasure—where hounds go quick, and the country is strong, most at the end of half-an-hour are very glad to find a fresh nag beneath them, and have fresh pipes to play upon. "Short, sharp, and decisive," is the true foxhunting motto, and the enjoyment of hunting is never so great as where it is carried out to the letter.

I cannot quite go with those who wish to ride like distraction for ten minutes, and have it over. Nor do I consider twenty-five as the *Ultima Thule* to which a run should extend. There were few better men for a short cut than Frank Holyoake, but he cared for nothing beyond the latter time, and was as well pleased to let the fox escape as to see him killed—on the contrary, Assheton Smith, Mr. Green, and Lord Wilton were, as Dick Christian said, the men to ride after others left off—by the way, the latter has just shown in the shires again, and was in front from start to finish in a good thing with the Dukes not long ago. To return, such runs as the Sinnington, make us ask ourselves the question, not perhaps why we do not have more of them, but why we do not oftener get moderate ones, of from forty minutes to an hour and a-half. We know such were much more frequent, forty or even thirty years ago, and we should one and all vastly like to see the same again. Perhaps I am wrong in saying one and all, for there are those who hunt, and would rather not have a run. For instance, a man from town was once asked why he stuck so pertinaciously to Lord ——'s hounds? "Why" replied he, "I have time to hunt but once a week, and as his lordship never by any chance gets more than one run in three months, it would be unlucky indeed if I was to be out on one of those days; so I stick to him with no fear of breaking my neck!" Game preserving, I believe, to be one of the causes of our seeing so few good runs now. Fox preserving is another cause. It is strange, but true; and for this reason we now hunt *petted* foxes, that have been continually fed close on their earths, and thus know nothing of a country. Men who would not have a fox killed for their lives, allow their keepers to bring them up in this way, and thus, although their coverts are always well supplied, they do not contain the real thing, but have a lot of home-bred ones that will run like rabbits, until perhaps after Christmas a gentleman from afar comes to see one of the young ladies of the establishment, and being disturbed in his love-making, sets his head straight for home. As a rule, the great runs take place in wild hill countries. The reason for this is easily ascertained; they are not much hunted, at least not regularly, and are of such a nature that foxes often escape when hunted in them, through going to ground in rocks and so forth. Hence, although they may be few and far between, there are generally some real good old ones, say five or six years, that have not been fatted up in game preserves, but have worked all their days for a living. Moreover, the fair sex being scarce, they have gone much abroad, and into strange countries in their love-makings, and thus learn a great extent of country. When the hounds do find one of these, their work is cut out; he is in good condition, knows a country and will traverse it, and the finale generally then is that hounds and fox run horses out of sight, and have the finish to themselves. This, in a modified sense, was the case everywhere years ago; foxes were more scarce, and their food was not so easily procured, hence they were in better wind and condition. The importation of foreigners has also tended to degenerate the breed. They are shorter and thicker than our own foxes, and have not the heart to go. It is ten to one, but if you hear of an extraordinary run, either a tall greyhound fox, or a small dark-coloured one is the hero of it. These I take it are our own native types, now sadly crossed with the over-sea customers. I have said most of the very long runs take place in wild countries, and some few perhaps of my readers, though not many, will remember the famous Drumlanrigg run of some twenty or five and twenty years ago. A long account of it appeared in *Bell's Life*, and, unless my memory deceives me, the hounds ran right away from the horses, Lord Drumlanrigg, afterwards Marquis of Queensbury, being the last man with them, and were out for a night of two ere they were recovered. I think I am correct in saying it was a little dark fox that gave them this chase. The Waterloo run in the Pytchley country is one of the hardest ever heard of in the Shires, but there was a suspicion attached as to changing during its course, I think; and second and third horses got a few of the field as well as the master to the finish. I once saw a run in which we went into four different counties and thirteen parishes, and I only got to the end by a bit of strategy. My mare was done as "crisp as a biscuit," stopped dead with me in a fallow, and refused to budge, but by luck I caught eye of my father's second horse. Calling the groom up, I persuaded him that the "governor" was gone home, and had told me to take his horse if I wanted him. The *coup* succeeded, and I went on jollily to the end, where my respected parent had also struggled in great distress, anathematising his man for not coming up with the bay. An explanation then took place, through I am bound to say, that my excuse of having seen him going so well, and with so much in hand, as to render a second horse quite unnecessary, was hardly well received, or taken in the spirit in which it was offered. However, we both saw the end, and that was more than a great many did. It was the longest run I ever saw, but not to be compared to those I have been writing about. In conclusion, I hope we may hear of a few more such gallops as the one Jack Parker showed across the Yorkshire moors.

IN THE ARENA.

ANY one who may possess a copy of the volume called *The Athlete*, an edition of which is annually dedicated to the Amateur Athletic Club, will find in the end of the rules for "Modern Athletics" the following definition of an amateur:—

"Any person who has never competed in an open competition, or for public money, or for admission money, or with professionals for a prize, public money or admission money, and who has never at any period of his life taught or assisted in the pursuit of athletic exercises as a means of livelihood, or is a mechanic, artisan, or labourer."

In this rule we find great cause for criticism. Firstly, our principal objection is, the heading of the definition, which we consider ought to be that of a "gentleman amateur," as, under the present wording, without the prefix of the word "gentleman," any flunkey who may be a novice to pedestrian exercise has, consequently, not broken any of the provisions; and also, as neither an artisan, mechanic, or labourer, although, we presume, not entitled to rank as a "gentleman amateur," is, according to the rule, entitled to run as an amateur. On the other hand, the many city dignitaries and lately created knights and baronets would be excluded, as we believe it

is generally known that they for the most part would come under the definition of a mechanic, artisan, or labourer. Fancy the feelings of Sir James Lawrence, Baronet, M.P., if he should take it into his head to go in for a "broad or high jump" at any athletic meeting, on being informed that he was not eligible to compete on the ground of his being a carpenter! To show that such reading may be put on this rule as to the "flunkey" qualification, we well recollect, and so will most of our athletes, that about two years ago, a "porter" in one of the leading city firms entered for and won a handicap open to all amateurs at the West Brompton running grounds, and could not be objected to as he had never broken any of the provisions of the recognised definition of an amateur. This same person now has given up the amateur, and is running frequently as a professional. We think that this definition or rule should be thoroughly revised or at any rate introduce the word gentleman into it, and so put some stop on the members of numerous mushroom clubs, (who never bring out a good man) from running in the open handicaps of the recognised gentleman's clubs, in which they do nothing, except to pollute them, and athletics generally.

The week has passed so far without any athletic meeting,—indeed, for the last fortnight there has been a general dearth of athletics, which we are not sorry to see, as the continued "hacking" about does not improve men, but, on the contrary, causes them to grow stale, a state of things which can only be cured by rest. We must not, however, omit to notice the highly creditable performance of Mr. W. M. Chinnery at Oxford last week, where, on very bad ground, he ran 1,800 yards in 4 min. 47 secs., which is quite equal to doing a mile in 4 min. 39 secs., a time which takes a good man do on favourable ground. We notice that at the Jesus College sports at Cambridge, held some time back, Mr. Ridley carried off everything easily, in his old form. We were in hopes that he again had taken to athletics, but our hopes are vain, as he is now toiling in the trial eights, and will likely enough, on account of his *prestige*, be again chosen to represent his University in their annual eight-oared race against Oxford. We really wonder at this, as his services to his University as a runner cannot be overrated; but we do think that in a "varsity" eight he is outclassed, for he was a most decided "passenger" the last mile of the journey this year between Putney and Mortlake.

The trial eights at Oxford are now practising daily, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, under the tuition of the President of the Boat Club, Mr. Benson. This gentleman is most assiduous in his duties, and from the material he has in the trial boats, and the one or two old hands that are left, he will without doubt select an eight worthy of Oxford.

Nothing further has been heard of the return double sculling match between the Thames and Tyne. Most probably the reason is that both crews require rest after their late terrific exertions; but next spring we hope the match will be made. Though age is not generally accredited with improving people in training, it certainly cannot be accused of doing harm to Harry Kelly, who for now nearly 20 years has been before the public, and for the last 15 years as a champion sculler; indeed, we question if ever a more elegant or stronger sculler ever stepped into a boat, for, with one exception (Renforth), he has beaten all comers at all distances for a period of 15 years, and is still willing and anxious to make matches with any new aspirant. Well, we wish him success in any future races, as his conduct has ever been conspicuous for that absence of "bounce" so generally affected by Thames watermen.

DUCK SHOOTING.

The enthusiast who can defy rheumatism and endure intense discomforts without being conscious of them can find agreeable employment for his gun upon the sea-coast and the adjoining meres of England and Ireland. Of course we do not refer to the ignoble and wanton destruction of gulls, gory of game that they are at least more or less fit for the dish. At one period this amusement was exceedingly fashionable, but to the bagging of birds that so far come within the category Colonel Hawker reduced it to a science, and knew much more about it than any other person either before or since his time. Those were the days of flint guns, and you may see in the gallant colonel's famous work (original edition) an engraving of the mud at dusk on which he slaughtered ducks, even, so said his enemies, exceeding in number the pellets of shot in his charge. Hawker, in fact, had demoralised himself by the gluttonous style in which he attacked the sea fowl. You can observe that when he afterwards refers to such small deer as partridges he does so with a contempt for a quarry that could not in conscience be destroyed in battalions. The shooting on the sea-shore depends on the nature of the coast, and on the inexplicable (we use the word deliberately) choice of the birds who year after year frequent some places, and are never found in localities less disturbed, and apparently as favourably situated. Perhaps on the whole the best kind of ground consists of great reaches of sand, off which the tide runs for a couple of miles, leaving in its ebb, besides sand, shingle—shingle covered with weed and half-sunken rocks. The vast flocks of curlew and plover that are feeding or wheeling about the hills and fens move in great regular masses to such a shore as we have mentioned, especially if the weather be so hard as to freeze up the moor springs and harden the ploughed fields, while if the snow has fallen over the country wild duck of every variety may be got floating in the shallowest parts of the salt water. There is something at once delicious and tantalising to come to such a haunt in the iron weather, and see on the utmost verge of the rocks and the sands acres of whuttering, cackling, whistling birds, while from the clouds, as it were, every moment a fresh contingent rains down, or spins out of the mist that lies on the grey edges of the horizon. Suddenly you hear a strange hoarse clang overhead and catch a glimpse of the geese, who, if nothing startles them, will drop cunningly amongst the multitudinous crowd of feathered creatures already stationed by the ocean; and should the winter be particularly severe the rare wild swan joins this grand conventicle, and the sportsman afar off sighs to think by what weary stratagems he may attempt a shot with infinite chances of failure against him, and the forlorn prospect of having his labour for his pains.

The birds are there; the problem to solve is how to get at them. A boat is useless, as they keep to the shallow water, the swimmers as it were accommodating themselves to the waders. To creep along would be folly, for though by rendering the progress as slow as that of a tortoise you might escape notice for a time, you are sure to put up a villanous little sand lark, whose white wings glint across the green weeds, and whose warning shrill note (as though he blew through a door-key) startles the wary plover, that frightens the cautious curlew, that disturbs the heron, that flurries the barnacle, that maddens the teal, that alarms the heavier duck until you are defeated with the clamour of them all, and register a vow never to spare a sand lark if you can come across him in a place where he would be worth powder and shot. On desperately wild cold days, when the northern blasts are strong, and a sleety fog hangs between you and the birds, you may be fortunate enough to do some execution. It mostly happens that in these localities the peasantry pick off the seaweed for manure. For this purpose they bring carts, and beyond where the carts can go men and women carry baskets to gather the same stuff. Now the birds are accustomed to these people, and it is not a bad plan to go part of the way in a cart, and then perform the rest of the stalking behind the basket and broadside of one of the aborigines of the coast. As heavy a detonator as can be conveniently used from the shoulder, and Eley's wire cartridges with No. 4 shot, may not be amiss under the circumstances. Watch the birds sharply. As long as they move and feed and play you are unobserved. The curlew and the plover are most to be dreaded. Outside them, in a depth of water you think scarce sufficient to float a rose-leaf, lie the mountain duck—your prey; the delicious mallards whose fat chuckle tickles your palate with anticipatory longings in spite of the rain and the stones cutting your knees. It is difficult to calculate distances on these flats and bear in mind the range of your gun. It will happen that a larger squadron of duck are drifting on the tide towards you. Wait patiently. The plover are running about, the curlew are off guard, but suddenly, as if stricken with the charm which turned the town and people to stone in the Arabian tale, the fowls are fixed and motionless in their attitudes. Now you have not an instant to lose. If you believe you are out of range of the ducks (only a few yards say) a rush for them is the most effective thing in the world. They will be surprised for a second into waiting, and if you can only get three seconds from them you ought to make a fine score. Should you be fortunate enough, however, to have a fair sitting shot and another into the retreating squadron, load instantly. If the mist or sleet be very thick or the wind very strong, there is no knowing what, in the grand confusion you have raised, may fall in your way. The duck are not likely to present you with a second opportunity, but the plover in all probability may still give you a chance.

Supposing the time of low water should be at dusk, or during moonlight in severe weather, it should be known that the birds at such hours do not take high flights, and may be intercepted on their journey. There are generally particular points on the route where they dip or plunge towards the ground, for what reason it is hard to say, but it is certain that both curlew and wild duck are subject to what might paradoxically be termed systematic eccentricities. At night, however, especially in coming to feeding spots, they arrive in very small detachments, so that it is scarce worth while firing at four or five when a bouquet may be had by another process. At the extreme edge of the tide, if the place admits of it, a hole must be dug within shot of where the duck have been accustomed to arrive. In this the fowler squats, admiring the moon and the silver waves, with his heels in the cool sea water that oozes through the bottom of his pit. There he squats, hearing the strange noises of the night, that moaning from the tide in the dark, and those queer sudden snorts that suggest sneezing porpoises or whales, or tritons, or anything else to which the imagination is equal. (His hand should be on the trigger all the time.) An old grey heron, like a high-shouldered ghost, is the first arrival. He announces himself with a dismal raucous scream. Then a little flock of teal patter right into the glimmer of moon rays opposite the ambush. Now in twos and threes the heavy duck flop into the same spot, or close by it, and the fowler begins to breathe a little faster. Let him raise himself up gradually with his engine, as the old sportsmen called it, to his shoulder, and get as many heads in a row as he can. Ugh! the misery, the remorse, the cursing of fate at such times, when, click, felick denotes a miss-fire with both barrels.

In fen shooting we here exclude snipe. In stormy weather, when the wind is from the sea, fair shooting may be had on those bleak, barren reaches in Ireland, where nothing is to be seen for miles but turf stacks, or perhaps an odd shieling built up against the side of a cutting for the fuel. Behind the turf stacks both plover and curlew may be dodged, and at the side of the dykes, where the rushes are thick, many a duck or teal may be started, especially if the weather be boisterous. To shoot on these desolate swamps of a night is to have an experience not easily forgotten, and perhaps a cold not easily shaken off. Early in the year the marsh is dotted here and there with corpse candles, or with the flitting glimmer of a will-o'-the-wisp, as soon as ever the shades of evening cover it. Then must the valiant fowler who has no superstitions get ready for his nocturnal campaign. He may improve upon the seashore pit by having a cask sunk in the peat and filled with dry straw for his convenience. The moor has its internal disturbances at unhallowed hours, even as the sea or our domestic furniture. Does an otter croon or sob? The language of that animal is melancholy at ten o'clock, as he creeps through the rank grass of the bog and slips like a heavy stone into the dyke. A snipe is crying so far aloft that he might be heard as dimly by the man in the moon as by the lonely watcher on the plain. *His* hope and trust is in wild duck and wild duck alone, and if he has taken up his rendezvous with learned discretion, with due consultation of almanac, and estimates from natural history and private experience, he is not likely to return home without a decent bag.

On the whole, we cannot recommend this sport to any person who has not a *morbidezza* for shooting and a constitution of cast iron. Many men on our sea coasts, crippled with rheumatism and short-sighted from moonglare, would gladly surrender their recollections of the fun they have had for some of the precious health lost in the enjoyment of it. The fatigue, distress, and exposure are not conceivable, save by those who are victims of a passion for fowling. We have not referred at all to punt-shooting, which would properly come under our heading, but there is little to say of it, except that it is more correctly a business than a pleasure, and a very hard and trying business too. Although the Hampshire coast has been overdone until it no longer pays the professional fowlers to try the waters, there are portions of England, Scotland, and Ireland in which the gun of a cockney or a Portsmouth cad has never been heard. Whoever, then, chooses to attempt this pastime will find but small trouble; it scarce requires permission (where it does, it is never worth asking for), and the expense out of pocket will be very trifling, indeed. But the chances of ague or even consumption are terrible, and it is hardly worth while to destroy our health in order to bag wild ducks.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

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